February 1, 2025

The Red Herring

In the sea of ink, where words do swim,

Lies a fish, so red, its hues do brim.

A mystery sleek, a tale untold,

In literary depths, it’s bold, behold.

A plot's diversion, a sly disguise,

In stories' paths, it twists and lies.

Leading minds on wild goose chase,

In shadows cast, it finds its place.

Not fish to catch, nor clue to hold,

But riddle wrapped, in tales retold.

A trickster in the narrative sea,

The red herring swims, elusive, free.